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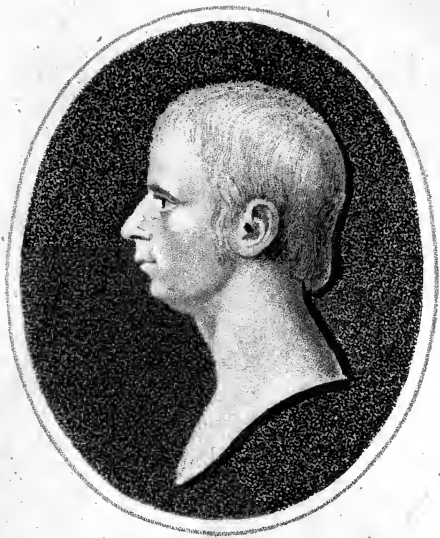
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2 vols



ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

London Published by T. and A. Hood & Sharpe, Printers, June 1861.

THE
POEMS
OF
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

VOL. I.

~~~~~  
THE FARMER'S BOY,  
AND  
GOOD TIDINGS.  
~~~~~

Stereotype Edition.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR; VERNOR, HOOD AND SHARPE;
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES AND ORME. ;

1809.



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PREFACE.

EIGHT years have elapsed since the first publication of 'The Farmer's Boy.' It now assumes, together with the later Poëms, a new form; and my friend Mr. Lofft, to whom I am so obviously and so materially indebted for success, with great liberality suggests, that a general publication of the works in connection seems to require something of a general Preface adapted to the occasion, and coming from myself. But as all that I have written will now be comprised in two volumes, some further remarks will be found in my second volume respecting the Tales and Ballads. What is here said relates to the Farmer's Boy alone.

The plain, candid memoir, which has hitherto preceded the Poem, as given by my Brother to Mr. Lofft, has interested thousands in my favour, and spared me those painful feelings which must

have arisen from a perpetual recurrence of the same questions in all companies, and from a perplexing wish to comply with the natural curiosity of strangers. Wherever I have been introduced, almost without exception, my history has been previously known, even to the "selling of my fiddle," and I have immediately been permitted to take my seat, and to join the conversation, if I found any thing to say; or to remain silent until I did. And this is no small privilege to a man swung at arm's length into publicity with all his mechanical habits and embarrassments about him. How far such habits are, or ought to be, overcome, is a question upon which I have not decided: but I have been sometimes hurt, or amused, at witnessing the evident disappointment of such persons as appeared to expect in the writer of Pastoral poetry, and literally a Cow-boy, the brilliancy and the vivacity of polished conversation; to which I never had made the slightest pretences.

The memoir above mentioned has not only relieved me personally in many cases, but it has been accompanied by remarks from Mr. Lofft as to the

promiscuous gifts which God has bestowed on his creatures, without regard to worldly rank, that I am confident will redound to the credit of the writer, and which came to the public with a thousand times more power and effect than they could have done had I been capable of writing them myself.

Much as I have been benefited by this biographical memoir, and gratified as I have been to find my path cleared before me, it would be ungenerous to the purchasers who may obtain this new and cheaper edition, and who may have no previous knowledge of the Author's childhood, wholly to omit a narrative of facts which he himself declares to be of importance, and to carry with it an interest both connectedly and peculiarly its own. I will therefore give the substance of that narrative in my Brother's words, with occasional explanations; and then resume my own tale.

In Nov. 1798, G. B. writing to Mr. Lofft, says: .

“ As I spent near five years with the Author, from the time he was fourteen years and a half old till he was turned of twenty, the most interest-

ing time of life (I mean the time that instruction is acquired, if acquired at all), I think I am able to give a better account of him than any one can, or than he can of himself: for his modesty would not let him speak of his temper, disposition, or morals.

“ Robert (born Dec. 3d, 1766,) was the younger child of George Bloomfield, a tailor, at Honington*. His father died when he was an infant under a year old. His mother, Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert Manby, was born at Brandon, 1736. She was a schoolmistress, and instructed her own children with the others. He thus learned to read as soon as he learned to speak.

“ Though the mother was left a widow with six small children, yet with the help of friends she managed to give each of them a little schooling.

“ Robert was accordingly sent to Mr. Rodwell, of Ixworth, to be improved in writing: but he did

* This village is between Enston and Troston, and about eight miles N. E. of Bury. There are three other sons, George, Nathaniel and Isaac, and two daughters.

not go to that school more than two or three months, nor was ever sent to any other ; his mother again marrying when Robert was about seven years old.

“ By her second husband, John Gloyer, she had another family.

“ When Robert was not above eleven years old, the late Mr. W. Austin, of Sapiston*, took him. And though it is customary for farmers to pay such boys only 1s. 6d. per week, yet he generously took him into the house. This relieved his mother of any other expense than only of finding him a few things to wear : and this was more than she well knew how to do.

“ She wrote therefore to me and my brother Nat (then in London), to assist her ; mentioning that Robert was so small of his age that Mr. Austin said he was not likely to be able to get his living by hard labour.”

The following anecdote must stand in Mr. Lofft's words, as one of those tender fabrics which it would be very easy to spoil, and impossible to mend.

* This little village adjoins to Hoxington.

“ Mr. G. Bloomfield on this informed his mother that, if she would let him take the boy with him, he would take him, and teach him to make shoes : and Nat promised to clothe him. The mother, upon this offer, took coach and came to London, to Mr. G. Bloomfield, with the boy : for she said, she never should have been happy if she had not put him herself into his hands.’

“ She charged me,” he adds, “ *as I valued a mother’s blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.*” ‘ I religiously confine myself to Mr. G. Bloomfield’s own words ; and I think I should wrong all the parties concerned, if, in mentioning this pathetic and successful admonition, I were to use any other.

‘ Mr. G. Bloomfield then lived at Mr. Simm’s, No. 7, Pitcher’s-court, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. “ It is customary,” he continues, “ in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert.

“ As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week each, our beds were coarse, and all things far from being clean and snug, like what Robert had left at Sapiston. Robert was our man, to fetch all things to hand. At noon he fetched our dinners from the cook’s shop: and any one of our fellow workmen that wanted to have any thing fetched in, would send him, and assist in his work and teach him, for a recompense for his trouble.

“ Every day when the boy from the public-house came for the pewter pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday’s newspaper. The reading of the paper we had been used to take by turns: but after Robert came, he mostly read for us,—because his time was of least value.

“ He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained. I one day happened at a book-stall to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill used. I bought it for him for 4*d*. By the help of this he in a little time could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North.

“ One Sunday, after a whole day’s stroll in the country, we by accident went into a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled Robert with astonishment. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people : and though we were forced to stand in the aisle, and were much pressed, yet Robert always quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend this lecture.

“ The preacher’s name was Fawcet*. His language was just such as the Rambler is written in ; his action like a person acting a tragedy ; his discourse rational, and free from the cant of methodism.

“ Of him Robert learn’d to accent what he called *hard* words ; and otherwise improved himself ; and gained the most enlarged notions of Providence.

“ He went sometimes to a debating society at Coachmakers’-hall, but not often ; and a few times to Covent-garden theatre. These are all the oppor-

* Author of a justly-esteemed Poem on War.

tunities he ever had to learn from public speakers. As to Books, he had to wade through two or three folios : an History of England, British Traveller, and a Geography. But he always read them as a task ; or to oblige us who bought them. And as they came in sixpenny numbers weekly, he had about as many hours to read as other boys spend in play.

“ I at that time read the London Magazine ; and in that work about two sheets were set apart for a Review—Robert seemed always eager to read this Review. Here he could see what the literary men were doing, and learn how to judge of the merits of the works that came out. And I observed that he always looked at the Poet’s Corner. And one day he repeated a Song which he composed to an old tune. I was much surprised that he should make so smooth verses : so I persuaded him to try whether the editor of our paper would give them a place in Poet’s Corner. He succeeded, and they were printed. And as I forget his other early productions, I shall copy this.

“ I think it was in the year 1784 that the question came to be decided between the journeymen shoemakers ; whether those who had learned without serving an apprenticeship could follow the trade ?

“ The man by whom Robert and I were employed, Mr. Chamberlayne, of Cheapside, took an active part against the lawful journeymen ; and even went so far as to pay off every man that worked for him that had joined their clubs. This so exasperated the men, that their acting committee soon looked for *unlawful men* (as they called them) among Chamberlayne’s workmen.”

A part of the Narrative here naturally turned upon the spiteful and contentious bickerings of men who were all angry together ; which contentions ultimately forced me from London. At this moment I feel much obliged to them. They treated me with a visit to my friends, and a charming holiday ; which George thus describes :

“ Robert, naturally fond of peace, and fearful for my personal safety, begged to be suffered to retire from the storm.

“ He came home ; and Mr. Austin kindly bade him take his house for his home till he could return to me. And here, with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in Thomson’s Seasons, he again retraced the very fields where first he began to think. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity and rural innocence, which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of such a thing as ‘ The Farmer’s Boy.’

“ Here he lived two months :—at length, as the dispute in the trade still remained undecided, Mr. Dudbridge (our landlord) offered to take Robert apprentice, to secure him, at all events, from any consequences of the litigation.”

The indentures were avowedly for the above purpose only ; and, after detailing the transaction, George proceeds thus :

“ When I left London he was turned of twenty ; and much of my happiness has since arisen from a constant correspondence which I have held with him.

The following conclusion of George's original Narrative I always thought peculiarly happy; and well might Mr. Lofft join with him cordially in his prayer, "that God, *the Giver of thought*, may, as mental light spreads, raise up many who will turn a listening ear, and will not despise

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

Further information was given soon after by my Brother in the following Letter to Mr. Lofft, and in the anecdote which closes this part of the history:

"The late Mr. Austin's wife was a Manby (my mother's sister). And it may seem strange that, in 'The Farmer's Boy,' *Giles* nowhere calls him Uncle, but Master.—The treatment that my brother Robert experienced from Mr. Austin did not differ in any respect from the treatment that all the servant boys experienced who lived with him. Mr. Austin was the father of fourteen children by my aunt (he never had any other wife). He left a decent provision for the five children that survived him: so that it could not be expected he should have any thing to give to poor relations. And I don't see a

possibility of making a difference between *Giles* and the boys that were not related to Mr. Austin : for he treated all his servants exactly as he did his sons. They all worked hard ; all lived well. The Duke had not a better man tenant to him than the late Mr. Austin. I saw numbers of the husbandmen in tears when he was buried. He was beloved by all who knew him. But I imagine that Robert thought that when he was speaking of Benevolence that was universal, he had no occasion to mention the accidental circumstance of his being related to the good man of whom he sung."

" I have him in my mind's eye a little boy ; not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn, he strutted before us, dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c.—his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels. He looking about him, slipped up—his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up :—how small he was. Little thought, that little, fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the

most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom."

Amongst the anecdotes interspersed in the foregoing Narrative, distinguished for ingenuousness and feeling, that which the reader has just seen, if worth correcting in a slight particular, may be done here; and I would not do it but that I find the fact, trifling as it may appear to some, has been repeatedly noticed.

George states that he received his brother in London, "dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c." Now the strict truth of the case is this; that I came (on the 29th of June, 1781) in my Sunday clothes, such as they were; for I well remember the palpitation of my heart on receiving his proposals to come to town, and how incessantly I thought of the change I was going to experience: remember well selling my smock frock for a shilling, and slyly washing my best hat in the horse-pond, to give it a gloss fit to appear in the meridian of London. On entering Whitechapel, riding backwards on the coach, a long line of carriages in the

centre of the street attracted my particular notice ; and I anxiously looked for the principal object in that procession of which I conceived them to be a part : little dreaming that they all stood for hire ! But these are surely trifling anecdotes ; and I will endeavour to record something more important.

Taking it then for granted, that my history, so far as it has been stated, is fully and sufficiently known, I mean to elucidate a fact or two to which an allusion has been made in the former Preface, so as to throw an additional light on subjects which I am persuaded will not be deemed uninteresting by the lovers of literature.

It cannot be forgotten by any one who has thought of my history and success, that Mr. Lofft has said, when speaking of the MS. of this Poem, that “ it had before been shown to some persons in London ; whose indifference toward it may probably be explained, when it is considered that it came to their hands under no circumstances of adventitious recommendation.—With some a person must be rich, or titled, or fashionable as a literary name, or at least fashionable in some respect, good or bad, be-
be

answered, and it shall always be held in grateful remembrance by one who, with the strictest truth, and with all possible deference and respect, subscribes, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

No. 14, Great Bell-alley,
Coleman-street.

REPLY—(No. 2.)

“THE Farmer’s Boy may afford pleasure to the person for whom it is intended ; but it cannot be expected that any stranger should give his opinion of such a literary performance to the Author.”

I next left it with Mr. *****, with the following letter. He sent it back in a few hours with an answer—(No. 4.)

COPY—(No. 3.)

*To Mr. *****.*

SIR,

June 21, 1796.

If the Poem now left in your hands, containing something less than fifteen hundred lines, should be fortunate enough to gain an hour of your leisure, you can then judge whether it is in itself worthy of publication; or, what is perhaps more to

the point, whether there is any probability of its repaying you, Sir, or myself, the expense of publication. What that expense would be I know not ; therefore can form no judgment by myself without further information. All I can say is, that I could wish to see it printed, if it were possible to have it done. If I hear nothing on these heads, shall conclude that the little piece is unworthy your notice, and shall take care that it be called for again.

With great respect, &c.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

14, Little Bell-alley, Coleman-street.

REPLY—(No. 4.)

“ Mr. *****’s compliments to Mr. Bloomfield, and is much obliged to him for the offer of his manuscript ; but as *poetry* is quite out of his line, he begs leave to decline it.”

“ 22d June, 1798.”

I had now to find somebody who *did* print poetry. I accordingly left it with Mr. *****, and with it a copy of the letter I had written to Mr. ***** (No. 3.) He kept it so long that I had to call

several times before I could get it. At last I went when he was in the way. The shopman, knowing my errand, went into the compting-house, and presently came out with my book in his hand, and asked me to step that way (to the back of the shop). I hesitated—but I had gone too far to retreat. I went and took it, and was told to go into the compting-house. When I went in, Mr. ***** spoke thus, as nearly as I can recollect:—"Your
" poetry, Mr. Bloomfield, I am afraid, won't do for
" separate publication; unless you can get some
" person to revise it for you. As you wish to see it
" printed, I think you had better take it to some
" person who publishes a magazine. I think your
" wisest way would be to take it to Mr. *****;
" and I have no doubt but he will insert it for
" you," &c.

I left him: and, as I should not like to buy my own rhimes, I did not take his advice. I could wish to say more on this subject, but the parcel is waiting for my budget. Pray remember this:—don't give the book to my Mother, nor to any one else, till you hear from me again.

DEAR GEORGE,

London, Nov. 7, 1798.

I FINISHED my last rather abruptly for want of time.—If I had given my little piece to Mr. *****, even supposing that he would have accepted it, it would then have taken perhaps six months at least, by monthly continuations, before it would all have been printed. My chief pride would have been to have sent my Mother *a printed copy*; but, at the above rate, one copy only would have cost six shillings: I therefore send it as it is. I never wrote it out but once. I have no copy of it, except in my memory. You will find the copies of my letters to the parties miserably blotted, they were written in haste: I meant to have transcribed them, but had not time.

Having never been instructed in grammar, it may abound in faults of that kind which I am not aware of. The management of stops I don't pretend to. I desired you not to show it for this reason; because I think it would look awkward to give it even to my Mother without some kind of introductory letter.

You will perceive that the information I principally wanted to gain, I could not gain; that is, how to go about printing such a thing, and what it would cost. But as I could not send my Mother a *printed copy*, I don't trouble myself much to know whether it was want of merit, or want of patronage, that made me fail.

You say you find pleasure in reading it; perhaps it arises principally from this: you know all the situations, circumstances, and persons introduced into it. I wish that pleasure may continue to you, and such of our friends as may happen to get hold of it.—All well.

Your affectionate Brother,

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Such were the efforts which I found courage enough to make; and here *my* efforts ended. Not so with my Brother. With the foregoing information in his hands, he asked me by letter whether I had any objection to his showing the Poem to his neighbour Mr. Lofft, whom I had never seen, nor of whose readiness to assist the poor or the ignorant

had an equal knowledge with my Brother, who lived on the spot. I left it to him to do as he proposed, and not to miss so fair a chance of getting a sound critical opinion, and that accompanied with feeling and good manners. George immediately carried the Poem to Troston, with the following paper, which I now copy from his own hand-writing.

“ *To CAPEL LOFFT, Esq.*

“ SIR,

“ Bury, Nov. 1798.

“ COMMON fame speaks of the willingness that you show in giving your counsel and advice to the poor. This benevolent trait in your character has emboldened me to approach you, to petition you to give your opinion on the enclosed piece. I fancy I see beauties in it, and was thinking of applying to one of our printers to know, if, from the locality of it, it would pay for printing (for 'tis a Suffolk piece); but it struck my mind forcibly, that I should stand a better chance of meeting with that ingenuousness I wish for, by begging the opinion of a man of genius and taste, than by applying to a tradesman:

“ Since I have had the Poem in my hands I have never shown it to any one, nor spoke of it ; nor does any one here know of this application.

“ If, Sir, you will deign to give your opinion, I will never mention your name, unless by your permission. This, I hope, will not be deemed an impertinent intrusion ; for 'tis the high rank you hold in the literary world prompted me to this, because on your judgment I can rely with satisfaction.

“ Let the result of this be what it may, your petitioner will ever revere your name.

“ Your most devoted servant,

“ GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.

“ P. S. The late Mr. Wm. Austin, of Sapiston, took the Author, when very young, and kept him, from motives of charity.”

The consequences which arose from this application are too well known to be repeated ; yet there were circumstances attending the progress of the Poem through the press which are not known, but might be made known with honour to all the parties concerned.

The first letter I received from Mr. Lofft was to me a cordial not to be described. In others which immediately followed I found the ensuing remarks :

“ At the same time the example, as well as the Poem, may teach the rich, and the highly born or educated, not unnaturally to urge harsh and overbearing lines of distinction ; but to be more attentive to the gifts bestowed by the common Father on mankind, than to an overweening conceit of their own privileges and advantages.

“ Their privileges and advantages would amply gain in good will and security, what they might thus sacrifice from the cold and degrading claims of unfeeling ostentation.”

In another letter I read :—

“ It is truly a rural Poem, more so than any with which I am acquainted in our language ; except Allan Ramsay’s Gentle Shepherd, and Burns’ Poems.”

The first extract the reader will perceive to be of a nature highly grateful to the feelings of the mechanic who had been setting his mind to work

as well as his hands; but with the second I felt otherwise; and I remember the feeling with the utmost precision. I had been charmed with Ramsey, but knew nothing of Burns, except by trifling quotations and by name*. I believed that my generous, and then only patron, had, in the warmth of his heart, overrated my performance; and I was even then prepared for disappointment.

The printing was now going on, and that I knew little of its progress (which was the case) I have only to blame myself. I seldom called to enquire after it. I knew it to be in good hands. Yet, during the fifteen months which elapsed before its publication, the latter part of which time was attended by very bad health, I felt much anxiety; and, (having the Poem then perfect in my memory,)

* It may possibly be acceptable to some readers to know that I had been married six years, when, (after weathering the storm of domestic sickness described in the "Address to my Old Table," in Vol. II.,) I began composing this Poem, which I find, by comparing dates, happened to be during the last illness of Robert Burns, and about three months before his death. If it should be suspected that I mention this with a view of strengthening an apparent approximation to so illustrious an example of intellect and poetic excellence, the reader will do a great injustice to me, and to the notions I entertain of his powers, and of his works.

after a hard day's work, with my back to the fire, and in the stillness of the night, I have often repeated aloud the whole, or greater part of the Poem, until my wife was fast asleep, before I could find resolution to put out the candle. The reader who disdains such little anecdotes had better lay down the book; for I shall proceed in my own way.

At length, in March 1800, my brother Nathaniel (with whom I wish the world was better acquainted) called to say that he had seen, in a shop window, a book called *The Farmer's Boy*, with a motto. I told him I supposed it must be mine; but I knew nothing of the motto: and I the more believed it to be mine, having just received through the hands of Mr. Lofft a request to wait on the Duke of Grafton, in Piccadilly. I had a very slight personal remembrance of the Duke from my childhood; and I felt as most men would feel in my circumstances on a similar occasion. I met with condescension in its noblest features, and even with congratulations; and amongst the conversation was very naturally asked, "How I liked the execution of the work? Was it not beautifully printed?" &c

I replied, that I had not yet seen it. The Duke himself then brought from the library one of the large paper copies, and spread it on the table. *Giles* never was so hard put to it in his life to keep his face in order as at that moment. At that moment the Preface was *as new to me as the Poem was to the world*. I could not read it there; but on my return home I saw the high praise which my Brother had given me, and which had been so advantageously laid before the public by Mr. Lofft. I thanked them both for having spared me the task of telling my own story, thanked God for his providential interposition, and felt my heart at ease.

And here I trust I shall not be thought guilty of any impropriety in giving, from its immediate relation to the foregoing interview, an extract from a book of memorandums which I keep by me; as but a short time after the above date I spent a delightful month at Wakefield Lodge, in Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire; upon which visit I find recorded the following remark:

“ WHEN I was at Wakefield Lodge I conceited that I saw the workmen and neighbours look at me as at an idle fellow. I had nothing to do but to read, look at them, and their country and concerns. They did not seem to know how to estimate me. I was not a constant companion at the Duke’s table*, nor was I much in his company; yet, seeing me noticed with attention by the family, that attention was caught, and dealt out to me at second-hand. I sometimes thought of the Spectator when at Sir Roger De Coverly’s, and of the *silent gentleman* whom nobody knew much about. Six months only before that time I was in sickness and trouble; sometimes two, sometimes three days in a week racked with a head-ach that nearly drove me distracted. To lie down almost destitute of the necessaries of life, tortured with pain till I cried out, and that pain augmented by the sight of a wife and three children whom I could not help, was certainly a hard trial for my philosophy. The

* This was my choice; for it gave me the calm enjoyment of liberty in my own way. See “Lines written on a Visit to Whittlebury Forest, addressed to my children.” Vol. II

Poem became public in two months after, and my first relief was from the hand of the right worthy owner of Wakefield Lodge. What a glorious thing is a present of ————— to a man in distress! If hundreds should arise from my writings, I question if hundreds will produce the exquisite sweetness of that ———."

From the above date I found, however unfit to meet prosperity, and a total change of company and connections, that such a change could not be avoided. I became known to the literary, and esteemed by the good. Sir Charles Bunbury, and many worthy characters in Suffolk, gave me the welcome of a friend and a countryman. At Troston, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Lofft, I was every way at home. My London and country well-wishers have increased, until to name them would wear the appearance of ostentation, which I much wish to avoid. And yet, while I boast in my possession the hand-writing of the late Mr. Fox, I hardly know whether I am justified in altogether refraining. Let not then any of them imagine that

I have failed to cherish a grateful regard for the zeal and endeavours of them all. I write with an overflowing heart : and could I feel otherwise than I do, should unquestionably be unworthy of their attention.

Very trifling emendations have taken place in this Stereotype Edition. One, however, may seem worthy of notice. In the description of the Mad Girl I had originally called her *Poll* ; but on my visit to Suffolk, after an absence of twelve years (which gave rise to the Lines that follow this Preface), I learned that her name was *Ann*. I conversed with her, and found her greatly recovered, and sensible of her past calamity. Instead of giving this information in a note, I have, partly from choice, and partly from the nature of the printing, inserted *Ann* for *Poll* in the text.

I have the gratification to *know* that this Poem has given pleasure to thousands, and to make a contrary pretence would be something worse than affectation. Upon this conviction I rest my claim (with all due submission to the learned) of exhorting all persons of acknowledged taste and ability,

when they receive a poor man's production, to read it with candour, and to judge of it with truth: so that, if it be found entitled to a share of public attention, the unlettered and the unfriended may not lose their chance of communicating instruction or entertainment to the world.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

City Road, June, 1808.

SUPPLEMENT.

On revisiting the place of my Nativity, May 1800.

THOUGH Winter's frowns had damp't the beaming eye,
Through twelve successive Summers heav'd the sigh,
The unaccomplish'd wish was still the same ;
Till May in new and sudden glories came !
My heart was rous'd ; and Fancy on the wing,
Thus heard the language of enchanting Spring :—

‘ Come to thy native groves and fruitful fields !
‘ Thou know'st the fragrance that the wild-flow'r
 ‘ yields ;
‘ Inhale the Breeze that bends the purple bud,
‘ And plays along the Margin of the Wood.
‘ I've cloth'd them all ; the very Woods where thou
‘ In infancy learn'd'st praise from every bough.
‘ Would'st thou behold again the vernal day ?
‘ My reign is short ;—this instant come away :

- ‘ Ere Philomel shall silent meet the morn ;
‘ She hails the green, but not the rip’ning corn.
‘ Come, ere the pastures lose their yellow flow’rs :
‘ Come now ; with heart as jocund as the hours.’

‘ Who could resist the call ?—that *Giles* had done,
Nor heard the birds, nor seen the rising sun ;
Had not Benevolence, with cheering ray,
And Greatness stoop’d, indulgent to display
Praise which does surely not to *Giles* belong,
But to the objects that inspir’d his song.
Immediate pleasure from those praises flow’d ;
Remoter bliss within his bosom glow’d !
Now tasted all :—for I have heard and seen
The long-remember’d voice, the church, the green ;—
And oft by Friendship’s gentle hand been led
Where many a hospitable board was spread.
These would I name—but each, and all can feel
What the full heart would willingly reveal :
Nor needs be told ; that at each season’s birth,
Still the enamell’d, or the scorching Earth
Gave, as each morn or weary night would come,
Ideal sweetness to my distant home :

Ideal now no more;—for, to my view
Spring's promise rose, how admirably true!
The early chorus of the cheerful Grove
Gave point to Gratitude, and fire to Love.
O Memory! shield me from the World's poor strife;
And give those scenes thine everlasting life!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

The following STATEMENT was inserted in the MONTHLY MIRROR for January, 1802, by a Friend. It applies to the first edition only of the Poem; as all subsequent emendations have been made by the Author.

STATEMENT OF VERBAL VARIATIONS

Between the *MS. Copy* and *Printed Poem* of "THE FARMER'S BOY."

As it is not improbable that some of those invidious spirits who reluctantly allow to any popular writer the credit of having produced his own work, may hereafter report, to the disadvantage of Mr. Bloomfield, that his learned friend and editor was materially concerned in composing "THE FARMER'S BOY," I have taken the most effectual means in my power, to counteract the injurious tendency of such report, by collating the printed poem with the author's original manuscript*, which had passed through the hands of Mr. Capel Lofft; and I transmit all the verbal variations which have been ob-

* Now in the possession of Mr. Hill.

served in the course of such collation, that they may be perpetuated on the pages of a miscellany which has been uniformly zealous in extending the well-earned reputation of our rural bard. I must also premise, what affects not the merits of the composition in any degree, that Capital Letters and Italic Characters were supplied by Mr. Lofft, as were various defects in orthography and punctuation, which arose from the Author's want of education, and of leisure fitly to supply that loss.

SPRING.

	<i>MS. Copy.</i>	<i>Printed Poem.</i>
Page	Line	
3	2 hover	hovers and hover'st.
	7 lowly tale	humble lines.
4	14 those.....	these.
7	65 Summons—plough..	summon—ploughs.
	66 blow	blows.
8	93 traverse once	once transverse.
	98 pierce	breaks.
9	116 a centinel.....	such centinels.
11	135 Gave	Whence.
	144 bright	white.
12	155 to clear	lighting.
	156 And give	Giving.

	<i>MS. Copy.</i>	<i>Printed Poem.</i>
Page Line		
	161 a	the.
	163 Giles	he.
13 179	Subordination stage } by stage	Subordinate they one by one.
14 189	and	which.
15 217	New milk around ..	Streams of new milk.
17 250	and	or.

SUMMER.

28 23	milder	closing.
	25 parches.....	pierces.
29 34	Have.....	Has.
	44 evince its	evinces.
35 143	loins	form.
39 209	thy crest of	the crest-wav'd.
	220 brush them	brushes.
40 244	And use	Using.
45 318	the.....	their.
48 374	other than	now but.

AUTUMN.

57 77	Giles—leisure	his—ease to.
58 81	dust	bones.
59 105	and the rose that } blow	hence the tints that glow.
	106 with—glow	an—know.

*MS. Copy.**Printed Poem.*

Page Line

60	130	a	her.
61	147	With.....	Her.
63	173	and	next.
65	216	And place	Placing.
71	325	bestrewing round ..	are strewn around.
72	343	capon	cockrel.

WINTER.

77	5	or burns with thirst .	partaking first.
	6	trust	thirst.
78	17	dependant—low ..	} the storm-pinch'd— lows.
	18	grow	
80	47	the world	for rest.
83	103	ye	you.
	116	every.....	all the.
85	152	But	Their.
92	264	traverse	passes.
96	337	First at whose birth .	At whose first birth.
97	352	Paternal	Maternal.
99	390	Pierce the dark wood	} Wander the leaf- strewn wood, the frozen plain.
		and brave the sul-	
		try plain	
391		Let field and dimpled	} Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree.
		brook, and flower	
		and tree	

It will be seen, from this minute statement, that the Editor's emendations were very inconsiderable ; though most of them appear highly judicious, and many of them absolutely necessary, for the purpose of removing certain grammatical inaccuracies, which may be considered as mere freckles on the natural complexion of our Farmer's Boy.

I have been indulged with a similar opportunity of inspecting the MS. copy of those admirable " Tales, Ballads, and Songs," recently published by the same interesting Poet ; but the Editor's hints for correction proved too few and too unimportant to authorise any public specification of them.

Yours, &c.

T. PARK.

**THE
FARMER'S BOY.**

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SPRING.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation, &c. Seed time. Harrowing. Morning walks.
Milking. The Dairy. Suffolk Cheese. Spring coming
forth. Sheep fond of changing. Lambs at play. The
Butcher, &c.

SPRING.

I.

Invocation.

O come, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No *Alpine* wonders thunder through my verse,

Invocation—Simple Character of Giles....v. 9.

The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still :
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes,
Nor Science led me through the boundless skies ;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow :
O point these raptures ! bid my bosom glow !
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days !
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells ;
But mould to Truth's fair form what Memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong :
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckon'd as his cares or woes ;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own,
Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.

Euston in Suffolk, and its neighbourhood, the Scene....v. 27.

'Twas thus with *Giles* : meek, fatherless, and poor ;
Labour his portion, but he felt no more ;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd ;
His life was constant, cheerful, servitude :
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, Nature was his book ;
And, as revolving SEASONS chang'd the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Though every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

Where noble GRAFTON spreads his rich domains,
Round *Euston's* water'd vale, and sloping plains,
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies ;
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And sculking Foxes, destin'd for the chace ;
There *Giles*, untaught and unrepining, stray'd
Through every copse, and grove, and winding glade ;

Benevolent Character of Giles's Master—Spring begins....v. 45.

There his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,
That stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.

A little farm his generous Master till'd,
Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd;

By deeds of hospitality endear'd,
Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd;

A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd.

And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,
And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream:

Unceasing industry he kept in view;

And never lack'd a job for *Giles* to do.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the SPRING peeps forth;

Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.

Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along

Giles goes out to plough....v. 63.

The mellow'd soil ; imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews ;
That summon from their sheds the slumb'ring plows,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.
No wheels support the diving, pointed, share ;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labour there ;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road ;
(Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad ;)
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and, wid'ning still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill :
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet th'unwelcome day ;
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown :
Again disturb'd, when *Giles* with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides ;

Harrowing—Giles, and his Horses rest....v. 81.

His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome green headland ! firm beneath his feet ;
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat ;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their shelt'ring canopy of pendent boughs ;
Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigour swell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds ;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould ; a level surface clear,
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year ;
And o'er the whole *Giles* once transverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain,
The work is done ; no more to man is given ;
The grateful Farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the ground

Rooks....v. 99.

In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun ;
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gather'd round his door.
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the Rook and Crow ;
From field to field the flock increasing goes ;
To level crops most formidable foes :
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough ;
Yet oft the sculking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
At best will but a short-liv'd terror yield :
Nor guards of property ; (not penal law,
But harmless riflemen of rags and straw ;)
Familiariz'd to these, they boldly rove,
Nor heed such sentinels that never move.

Wood Scenery....v. 117.

Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,
In dying posture, and with wings stretcht forth ;
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,
And Death shall terrify the pilfering race ;
In the mid air, while circling round and round,
They call their lifeless comrades from the ground ;
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,
Warn the whole flock to shun th' impending harm.

This task had *Giles*, in fields remote from home ;
Oft has he wish'd the rosy morn to come :
Yet never fam'd was he nor foremost found
To break the seal of sleep ; his sleep was sound :
But when at day-break summon'd from his bed,
Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head.—
His sandy way, deep-worn by hasty showers,
O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,
Waving aloft their tow'ring branches proud,
In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud,

Various Birds—Their song and appearance—Pheasant....v. 135

Gave inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd.
His own shrill matin join'd the various notes
Of Nature's music, from a thousand throats :
The Blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And Echo answer'd from her close retreat;
The sporting White-throat on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn;
Stopt in her song perchance the starting Thrush
Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
Across his path, in either grove to hide,
The timid Rabbit scouted by his side;
Or Pheasant boldly stalk'd along the road,
Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.
But groves no farther fenc'd the devious way;
A wide-extended heath before him lay,

Bringing in of Cows to be milked....v. 159.

Where on the grass the stagnant shower had run,
And shone a mirror to the rising sun,
Thus doubly seen to light a distant wood,
To give new life to each expanding bud ;
And chase away the dewy foot-marks found,
Where prowling Reynard trod his nightly round ;
To shun whose thefts 'twas *Giles's* evening care,
His feather'd victims to suspend in air,
High on the bough that nodded o'er his head,
And thus each morn to strew the field with dead.

His simple errand done, he homeward bies ;
Another instantly its place supplies.

The clatt'ring Dairy-Maid immers'd in steam,
Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
Bawls out, "*Go fetch the Cows!*"....he hears no more
For pigs, and ducks, and turkies, throug the door,
And sitting hens, for constant war prepar'd ;
A concert strange to that which late he heard.

Order of the Cows returning....v. 171.

Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes ;
With well-known halloo calls his lazy Cows ;
Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summon with an idle gaze ;
For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.
Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow ;
The right of conquest all the law they know :
The strong press on, the weak by turns succeed,
And one superior always takes the lead ;
Is ever foremost, wheresoe'er they stray :
Allow'd precedence, undisputed sway :
With jealous pride her station is maintain'd,
For many a broil that post of honour gain'd.
At home, the yard affords a grateful scene ;
For Spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.
Thence from its chalky bed behold convey'd
The rich manure that drenching Winter made,

Milking....v. 189.

Which pil'd near home, grows green with many a weed,
A promis'd nutriment for Autumn's seed.
Forth comes the Maid, and like the morning smiles;
The Mistress too, and follow'd close by *Giles*.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
Begins the work, begins the simple lay;
The full charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
While *Mary* sings some lover's amorous dreams;
And crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.
As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The Mistress yields beside her rosy Maid;

The Dairy....v. 207

With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
 And bears a brimmer to the dairy door ;
 Her Cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,
 Till eve again recal them loaded home.
 And now the DAIRY claims her choicest care,
 And half her household find employment there :
 Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
 At once foregoes its quality and name ;
 From knotty particles first floating wide
 Congealing butter's dash'd from side to side ;
 Streams of new milk through flowing coolers stray,
 And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome whey,
 Due north th' unglazed windows, cold and clear,
 For warming sunbeams are unwelcome here.
 Brisk goes the work beneath each busy hand,
 And *Giles* must trudge, whoever gives command ;
 A *Gibeonite*, that serves them all by turns :
 He drains the pump, from him the faggot burns ;

Suffolk Cheese....v. 225.

From him the noisy Hogs demand their food ;
While at his heels run many a chirping brood,
Or down his path in expectation stand,
With equal claims upon his strewing hand.
Thus wastes the morn, till each with pleasure sees
The bustle o'er, and press'd the new-made cheese.

Unrivall'd stands thy country CHEESE, O *Giles* !
Whose very name alone engenders smiles ;
Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke, .
The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,
That pass like current coin the nation through ;
And, ah ! experience proves the satire true.
Provision's grave, thou ever-craving mart,
Dependant, huge Metropolis ! where Art
Her poring thousands stows in breathless rooms,
Midst pois'nous smokes and steams, and rattling looms ;
Where Grandeur revels in unbounded stores ;
Restraint, a slighted stranger at their doors !

Suffolk Cheese....v. 243.

Thou, like a whirlpool, drain'st the countries round,
 Till London market, London price, resound
 Through every town, round every passing load,
 And dairy produce throngs the eastern road :
 Delicious veal, and butter, every hour,
 From Essex lowlands, and the banks of Stour ;
 And further far, where numerous herds repose,
 From Orwell's brink, from Waveny, or Ouse.
 Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream,
 And leave their milk with nothing but its name ;
 Its name derision and reproach pursue,
 And strangers tell of " three times skimm'd sky-blue."
 To cheese converted, what can be its boast ?
 What, but the common virtues of a post !
 If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,
 Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,
 And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,
 Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade ;

The procession of Spring....v. 261.

Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,
Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.
Inglorious victory! Ye Cheshire meads,
Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where Plenty treads,
Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,
Farewell your pride! farewell renowned cheese!
The skimmer dread, whose ravages alone
Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone.

NEGLECTED now the early *daisy* lies ;
Nor thou, pale *primrose*, bloom'st the only prize:
Advancing SPRING profusely spreads abroad
Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd ;
Where'er she treads, LOVE gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;
Sweet *Hope* with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;
All Nature feels her renovating sway ;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay :

Sheep—Range of Pasture....v. 279.

And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green ;
On airy downs the idling Shepherd lies,
And sees *to-morrow* in the marbled skies.
Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was *Giles* a SHEPHERD too.

Small was his charge: no wilds had they to roam ;
But bright inclosures circling round their home.
No yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety !
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day !
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play ;
Indulg'd through every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present good

Pasture Scenery—Hedges in bloom—Lambs at play....v. 297.

Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first assays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young Lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?

Lambs at play....v. 315.

Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a Kitten's face :
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth ;
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And Indolence abash'd soon flies the place ;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run ;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, " Come, let us try our speed ;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along ;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme ;

Contrast of their near approaching fate: . . . v. 333.

There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
Though unoffending Innocence may plead,
Though frantic Ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murd'ring BUTCHER, with his cart,
Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
And makes a sport of life and liberty!
His gay companions *Giles* beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;

Conclusion of the first Book....v. 351.

Nor can Compassion, with her softest notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges thro' their throats.

Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!

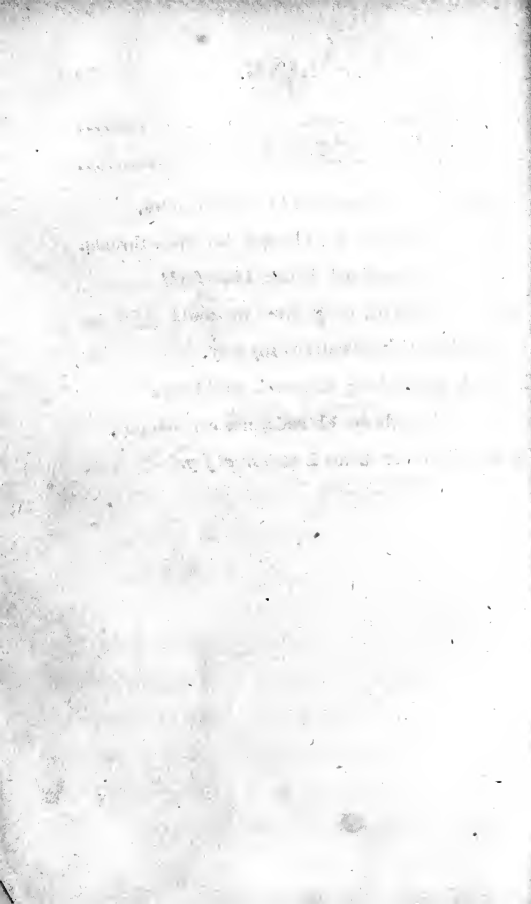
Away the shocking image from my soul!

Let kindlier visitants attend my way,

Beneath approaching *Summer's* fervid ray;

Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,

Whilst the sweet theme is *universal joy*.



SUMMER.

ARGUMENT.

Turnip sowing. Wheat ripening. Sparrows. Insects.
The sky-lark. Reaping, &c. Harvest-field, Dairy-
maid, &c. Labours of the barn. The gander. Night;
a thunder-storm. Harvest-home. Reflections, &c.

SUMMER.

II.

Provident turn of the Farmer's mind.

THE FARMER'S life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
Though in the lap of Plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill ;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth ;
But views the future with the present hours,
And looks for failures as he looks for showers ;
For casual as for certain want prepares,
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears ;

Provident turn of the Farmer's mind....v. 11.

Or clover, blossom'd lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.
What though abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,
And seem to promise unexhausted food ;
That promise fails, when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.
For this, his plough turns up the destin'd lands,
Whence stormy Winter draws its full demands ;
For this, the seed minutely small, he sows,
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows.
But how unlike to April's closing days !
High climbs the Sun, and darts his powerful rays ;
Whitens the fresh-drawn mould, and pierces through
The cumb'rous clods that tumble round the plough.
O'er heaven's bright azure hence with joyful eyes
The Farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise ;

Showers softening the soil....v. 29.

Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,
And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.
“*Right welcome down, ye precious drops,*” he cries;
But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.
“*Boy, bring the harrows, try how deep the rain*
“*Has forc'd its way.*” He comes, but comes in vain;
Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks,
And mocks his pains the more, the more he works :
Still, midst huge clods, he plunges on forlorn,
That laugh his harrows and the shower to scorn.
E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool,
Resists the stormy lectures of the school,
Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,
His head imbibes right reason by degrees ;
As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,
Light, constant rain evinces secret pow'r,
And ere the day resumes its wonted smiles,
Presents a cheerful, easy task for *Giles*.

Green Corn—Sparrows....v. 47.

Down with a touch the mellow'd soil is laid,
And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid;
Thither well pleas'd he hies, assur'd to find
Wild, trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding WHEAT-EAR forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown;
There thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping *sparrows* welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.

Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass grown dewy border beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.

Scenery—full of life, and inspiring contemplation....v. 65.

Here *Wisdom's* placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground,
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,

The Sky-lark....v. 83.

And all prolific *Summer's* sporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'rs sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue ;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When Music waking speaks the *sky-lark* nigh .
Just starting from the corn, he cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride his downy wings ;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on *Giles* to mark his way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight,
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for awhile, yet pours the varied song :
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again he stretches up the clear blue sky ;

Sleep and tranquillity of Giles—Corn ripening....v. 101.

His form, his motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light :
E'en then the songster a mere speck became,
Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream,
The gazer sees ; but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep ! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than *Giles*, and no more care ?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor Conscience once disturbs him with a sting ;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole, and brushes round again.

Its dark-green hue, its sicklier tints all fail,
And ripening Harvest rustles in the gale.
A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where Heav'n's munificence makes all the show
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the Ploughman's Sunday morning's round,

Pleasure from the views of Nature....v. 119.

When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And stedfast columns, may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet trac'd but to the *architect* the praise;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptur'd mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.

Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
NATURE herself invites the REAPERS forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.

Reapers—Gleaning....v. 137.

No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along:
Each sturdy Mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, HEALTH! come, *Jollity!* light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid,
Hies to the FIELD, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the FARMER quits his elbow-chair,

The joy of the Farmer....v. 155.

His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down ;
Where oft the Mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by ;
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely MAID,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd ;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown ;—

The Country Maid....v. 173.

Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a jest of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,
The weary limbs relax their boasted pow'rs;
Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brew'd ale:
Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn
Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,
That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,
Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.
To *Mary* first the brimming draught is given,
By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,

Harvest-field refreshment—The Cart-horse...v. 191.

And never lip that press'd its homely edge
Had kinder blessings, or a heartier pledge.

Of wholesome viands here a banquet smiles,
A common cheer for all ;—e'en humble *Giles*,
Who joys his trivial services to yield
Amidst the fragrance of the open field ;
Oft doom'd in suffocating heat to bear
The cobweb'd barn's impure and dusty air ;
To ride in mirky state the panting steed,
Destin'd aloft th' unloaded grain to tread,
Where, in his path as heaps on heaps are thrown,
He rears, and plunges the loose mountain down :
Laborious task ! with what delight when done
Both horse and rider greet th' unclouded sun !

Yet by th' unclouded sun are hourly bred
The bold assailants that surround thine head,
Poor, patient *Ball* ! and with insulting wing
Roar in thine ears, and dart the piercing sting.

Docking of horses condemned....v. 209.

In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail
More than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail,
A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,
Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.
Nor thine alone the suff'ring, thine the care,
The fretful *Ewe* bemoans an equal share ;
Tormented into sores, her head she hides,
Or angry sweeps them from her new-shorn sides.
Penn'd in the yard, e'en now at closing day
Unruly *Cows* with mark'd impatience stay,
And vainly striving to escape their foes,
The pail kick down; a piteous current flows.

Is't not enough that plagues like these molest?
Must still another foe annoy their rest?

The Gander....v. 227.

He comes, the pest and terror of the yard,
His full-fledg'd progeny's imperious guard ;
The GANDER ;—spiteful, insolent, and bold,
At the colt's footlock takes his daring hold :
There, serpent like, escapes a dreadful blow ;
And straight attacks a poor defenceless cow
Each booby Goose th' unworthy strife enjoys,
And hails his prowess with redoubled noise.
Then back he stalks, of self-importance full,
Seizes the shaggy foretop of the Bull,
Till whirl'd aloft he falls : a timely check,
Enough to dislocate his worthless neck :
For lo ! of old, he boasts an honour'd wound ;
Behold that broken wing that trails the ground !
Thus fools and bravoës kindred pranks pursue ;
As savage quite, and oft as fatal too.
Happy the man that foils an envious elf,
Using the darts of spleen to serve himself.

Swine—Repose of Twilight....v. 245.

As when by turns the strolling *Swine* engage
The utmost efforts of the bully's rage,
Whose nibbling warfare on the grunter's side
Is welcome pleasure to his bristly hide ;
Gently he stoops, or stretch'd at ease along, ;
Enjoys the insults of the gabbling throng,
That march exulting round his faller, head,
As human victors trample on their dead.

Still TWILIGHT, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow :
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught ; that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lours,
In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs ;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst jav'lines dire, and darts of streaming blue.

Anon tir'd laborers bless their shelt'ring home,
When MIDNIGHT, and the frightful TEMPEST come.

Midnight—Tempest....v. 263.

The Farmer wakes, and sees with silent dread !
The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round his bed ;
The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his bolted doors :
The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled skies
Spreads its dark course ; the wind begins to rise ;
And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade by day,
With mimic thunder give its fury way :
Sounds in his chimney-top a doleful peal
Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling hail ;
With tenfold danger low the tempest bends
And quick and strong the sulph'rous flame descends :
The frighten'd Mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries.—

Where now's the trifler ? where the child of pride ?
These are the moments when the heart is try'd !
Nor lives the man, with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear ;

Harvest-home....v. 281.

Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long-continued show'r,
And sleep protracted, comes with double pow'r;
Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is fill'd, and HARVEST *done*?

Now, ere sweet SUMMER bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long-accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please, while rage and death destroy.
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But free and pure the grateful current flows.

Freedom and equal joy of the Feast...v. 299.

Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,
For all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom :—old and young ;
And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave ;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours try'd,
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er ;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round ;

Ancient equality of this Festival....v. 317.

Care's mortal foe ; that sprightly joys imparts
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
And crackling Music, with the frequent *Song*,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all ; and round the happy ring.
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend ;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

Such were the days,—of days long past I sing,
When Pride gave place to mirth without a sting ;

Contrast of modern usage....v. 335.

Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
 To violate the feelings of the poor ;
 To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race,
 Where'er refinement shows its hated face :
 Nor causeless hated ;—'tis the peasant's curse,
 That hourly makes his wretched station worse ;
 Destroys life's intercourse ; the social plan
 That rank to rank cements, as man to man :
 Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns ;
 Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
 The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart :
 ' Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold
 ' Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
 ' The widening distance which I daily see,
 ' Has Wealth done this?—then Wealth's a foe to me ;
 ' Foe to our rights ; that leaves a pow'rful few
 ' The paths of emulation to pursue :—

Subject continued....v. 358.

- ' For emulation stoops to us no more :
' The hope of humble industry is o'er ;
' The blameless hope, the cheering sweet presage
' Of future comforts for declining age.
' Can my sons share from this paternal hand
' The profits with the labours of the land ?
' No ; though indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,
' Where's the *small farm* to suit my scanty means ?
' Content, the Poet sings, with us resides ;
' In lonely cots like mine, the Damsel hides ;
' And will he then in raptur'd visions tell
' That sweet Content with Want can ever dwell ?
' A barley loaf, 'tis true, my table crowns,
' That, fast diminishing in lusty rounds,
' Stops Nature's cravings ; yet her sighs will flow
' From knowing this,—that once it was not so.
' Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,
' When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,

Continued....v. 371.

‘ The aspect still of ancient joy puts on ;
‘ The aspect only, with the substance gone :
‘ The self-same Horn is still at our command,
‘ But serves none now but the plebeian hand :
‘ For *home-brew’d Ale*, neglected and debas’d,
‘ Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
‘ Where unaffected Freedom charm’d the soul,
‘ The *separate* table and the costly bowl,
‘ Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring
‘ A mockery of gladness round them fling.
‘ For oft the Farmer, ere his heart approves,
‘ Yields up the custom which he dearly loves :
‘ Refinement forces on him like a tide ;
‘ Bold innovations down its current ride,
‘ That bear no peace beneath their showy dress,
‘ Nor add one tittle to his happiness.
‘ His guests selected ; rank’s punctilios known ;
‘ What trouble waits upon a casual frown !

Continued....v. 389.

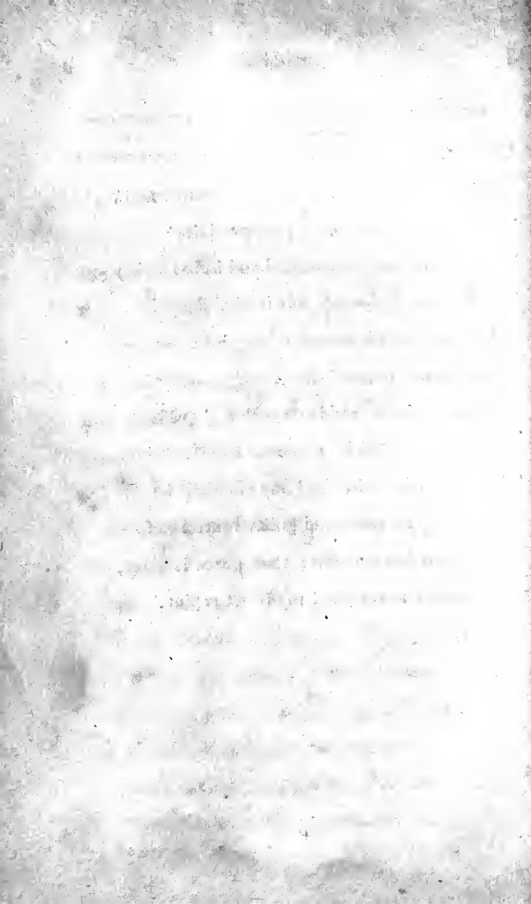
- ' Restraint's foul manacles his pleasures maim ;
' Selected guests selected phrases claim :
' Nor reigns that joy, when hand in hand they join,
' That good old Master felt in shaking mine.
' HEAVEN bless his memory! bless his honour'd name!
' (The Poor will speak his lasting worthy fame :)
' To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance give ;
' In pity to us still let goodness live :
' Let labour have its due! my cot shall be
' From chilling want and guilty murmurs free :
' Let labour have its due; then peace is mine,
' And never, never shall my heart repine.'

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AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT.

**Acorns. Hogs in the Wood. Wheat-sowing. The Church.
Village Girls. The mad Girl. The Bird-Boy's Hut. Dis-
appointment; Reflections, &c. Euston-hall. Fox-hunting.
Old Trouncecr. Long Nights. A Welcome to Winter.**

AUTUMN.

III.

Wood-scenery.

AGAIN, the year's *decline*, midst storms and floods,
The thundering chase, the yellow fading woods,
Invite my song ; that fain would boldly tell
Of upland coverts, and the echoing dell,
By turns resounding loud, at eve and morn
The swineherd's halloo, or the huntsman's horn.

No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply
The restless wandering tenants of the sty ;

Wood-scenery—Swine and pigs feeding on fallen acorns....v. 9.

From oak to oak they run with eager haste,
And wrangling share the first delicious taste
Of fallen ACORNS ; yet but thinly found
Till the strong gale has shook them to the ground.
It comes ; and roaring woods obedient wave :
Their home well pleas'd the joint adventurers leave :
The trudging Sow leads forth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among,
Till briars and thorns increasing, fence them round,
Where last year's mould'ring leaves bestrew the ground,
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls ;
Hot, thirsty food ; whence doubly sweet and cool
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,
The Wild Duck's lonely haunt, whose jealous eye
Guards every point ; who sits, prepar'd to fly,
On the calm bosom of her little lake,
Too closely screen'd for ruffian winds to shake ;

Wild Ducks among the sedges....v. 27.

And as the bold intruders press around,
At once she starts, and rises with a bound :
With bristles rais'd the sudden noise they hear,
And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,
The herd decamp with more than swinish speed,
And snorting dash through sedge, and rush, and reed :
Through tangling thickets headlong on they go,
Then stop and listen for their fancied foe ;
The hindmost still the growing panic spreads,
Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds,
'Till Folly's wages, wounds and thorns, they reap :
Yet glorying in their fortunate escape,
Their groundless terrors by degrees soon cease,
And Night's dark reign restores their wonted peace.
For now the gale subsides, and from each bough
The roosting Pheasant's short but frequent crow
Invites to rest ; and huddling side by side,
The herd in closest ambush seek to hide ;

The Church ; and Church-Yard—Village Conversation....v. 81.

Mean structure ; where no bones of heroes lie !
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone : else why that roof of straw ?
Those narrow windows with the frequent flaw ?
O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spread,
And rampant nettles lift the spiry head,
Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high
The grey-capp'd Daws in saucy legions fly.

Round these lone walls assembling neighbours meet
And tread departed friends beneath their feet ;
And new-briar'd graves, that prompt the secret sigh,
Show each the spot where he himself must lie.

Midst timely greetings village news goes round,
Of crops late shorn, or crops that deck the ground ;
Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join ;
While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine,
With pride elate, their young associates brave
To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave ;

Village Girls—The poor distracted young Woman....v. 99.

Then close consulting, each his talent lends
To plan fresh sports when tedious service ends.

Hither at times, with cheerfulness of soul,
Sweet *village Maids* from neighbouring hamlets stroll,
That like the light-heel'd does o'er lawns that rove,
Look shyly curious ; rip'ning into love ;
For love's their errand : hence the tints that glow
On either cheek, a heighten'd lustre know :
When, conscious of their charms, e'en Age looks sly,
And rapture beams from Youth's observant eye.

THE PRIDE of such a party, Nature's pride,
Was lovely ANN, who innocently try'd,
With hat of airy shape and ribbons gay,
Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way :
But, ere her *twentieth* Summer could expand,
Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,
Her mind's serenity, her peace was gone,
Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone :

The Subject continued....v. 117.

Yet causeless seem'd her grief ; for quick restrain'd,
Mirth follow'd loud ; or indignation reign'd :
Whims wild and simple led her from her home,
The heath, the common, or the fields to roam :
Terror and Joy alternate rul'd her hours ;
Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless flow'rs ;
Now pluck'd a tender twig from ev'ry bough,
To whip the hov'ring demons from her brow.
Ill-fated Maid ! thy guiding spark is fled,
And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—
Thy bed of straw ! for mark, where even now
O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow ;
Their woe she knows not, but perversely coy,
Inverted customs yield her sullen joy ;
Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,
Low mutt'ring to the moon, that rising breaks
Thro' night's dark gloom :—oh how much more forlorn
Her night, that knows of no returning morn'—

Continued....v. 135.

Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,
O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat ;
Quitting the cot's warm walls, unhous'd to lie,
Or share the swine's impure and narrow sty ;
The damp night air her shiv'ring limbs assails ;
In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs bewails.
When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd than she,
When pendent drops fall glitt'ring from the tree ;
But nought her rayless melancholy cheers,
Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming tears.
Her matted locks unornamented flow ;
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro ;—
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to hide ;—
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
Some tufted molehill through the livelong day
She calls her throne ; there weeps her life away :
And oft the gaily-passing stranger stays
His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,

Continued....v. 153.

Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart ;
And soft he treads with other gazers round,
And fain would catch her sorrows' plaintive sound :
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word,—“ *Oh dear!*”
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind !
For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh ;
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight.—

Fair promis'd sunbeams of terrestrial bliss,
Health's gallant hopes,—and are ye sunk to this ?
For in life's road though thorns abundant grow,
There still are joys poor *Ann* can never know ;
Joys which the gay companions of her prime
Sip, as they drift along the stream of time ;

Chickens housed....v. 171.

At eve to hear beside their tranquil home
The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come :
That love matur'd, next playful on the knee
To press the velvet lip of infancy ;
To stay the tottering step, the features trace ;—
Inestimable sweets of social peace !

O THOU, who bidst the vernal juices rise !
Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage flies !
Let Peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart grow cold,
Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold.

Shorn of their flow'rs that shed th' untreasur'd seed,
The withering pasture, and the fading mead,
Less tempting grown, diminish more and more,
The dairy's pride ; sweet Summer's flowing store.
New cares succeed, and gentle duties press,
Where the fire-side, a school of tenderness,
Revives the languid chirp, and warms the blood
Of cold-nipt weaklings of the latter brood,

Bird keeping—The Hut....v. 189.

That from the shell just bursting into day,
Through yard or pond pursue their vent'rous way.

Far weightier cares and wider scenes expand ;
What devastation marks the new-sown land !
“ From hungry woodland foes go, *Giles*, and guard
The rising wheat ; ensure its great reward :
A future sustenance, a Summer's pride,
Demand thy vigilance : then be it try'd :
Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun :
Go, tarry there from morn till setting sun.”

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends ;
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.
O for a HOVEL, e'er so small or low,
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,
Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes !
No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,
In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound ;

The pleasures of the Hut....v. 207.

Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,
And circling smoke obscures his little door ;
Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,
And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.
On whitethorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,
A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows :
Where clust'ring sles in glossy order-rise,
He crops the loaded branch ; a cumbrous prize ;
And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests,
Placing green sods to seat his coming guests ;
His guests by promise ; playmates young and gay :—
BUT AH ! *fresh pastimes* lure their steps away !
He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain
Till feeling *Disappointment's* cruel pain,
His fairy revels are exchang'd for rage,
His banquet marr'd, grown dull his hermitage.
The field becomes his prison, till on high
Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.

The Disappointment—Compared with greater....v. 225.

Midst air, health, daylight, can he prisoner be ?
If fields are prisons, where is Liberty ?
Here still she dwells, and here her votaries stroll ;
But disappointed hope untunes the soul :
Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow,
When troubles press, to chains and barriers grow.
Look then from trivial up to greater woes ;
From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,
To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh ;
Where not one ebeering sun-beam meets his eye.
Though ineffectual pity thine may be,
No wealth, no pow'r, to set the captive free ;
Though *only* to thy ravish'd *sight* is given
The radiant path that HOWARD trod to heaven ;
Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,
And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.
Say not, " I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
With news of dearest friends ; how good, how well :

The cruelty of disappointing expectation....v. 243.

I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart :"
Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part,
To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,
And waste the precious hour that's due to him.
In mercy spare the base, unmanly blow :
Where can he turn, to whom complain of you ?
Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,
Trace and retrace the beaten, worn-out way,
The rankling injury will pierce his breast,
And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

Bereft of song, and ever-cheering green,
The soft endearments of the Summer scene,
New harmony pervades the solemn wood,
Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood :
For bold exertion follows on the sound
Of distant Sportsmen, and the chiding Hound ;
First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy,
Where smiling EUSTON boasts her good FITZROY,

Euston-Hall—Fox-hunting...v. 261.

Lord of pure alms, and gifts that wide extend ;
The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend :
Whose Mansion glitters with the eastern ray,
Whose elevated temple points the way,
O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride,
To where the victims of the chase reside,
Ingulf'd in earth, in conscious safety warm,
Till lo ! a plot portends their coming harm.

In earliest hours of dark and hooded morn,
Ere yet one rosy cloud bespeaks the dawn,
Whilst far abroad THE Fox pursues his prey,
He's doom'd to risk the perils of the day,
From his strong hold block'd out ; perhaps to bleed,
Or owe his life to fortune or to speed.
For now the pack, impatient rushing on,
Range through the darkest coverts one by one ;
Trace every spot ; whilst down each noble glade
That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,

The horn and cry of the Hounds—The Hunter....v. 279.

The loit'ring sportsman feels th' instinctive flame,
And checks his steed to mark the springing game.
Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways
The huntsman cheers his dogs, and anxious strays
Where every narrow riding, even shorn,
Gives back the echo of his mellow horn :
Till fresh and lightsome, every power untried,
The starting fugitive leaps by his side,
His lifted finger to his ear he plies,
And the view-halloo bids a chorus rise
Of Dogs quick-mouth'd, and shouts that mingle loud
As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud.
With ears erect, and chest of vig'rous mould,
O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,
The shining courser lengthens every bound,
And his strong foot-locks suck the moisten'd ground,
As from the confines of the wood they pour,
And joyous villages partake the roar.

The Fox-hound....v. 297.

O'er heath far stretch'd, or down, or valley low,
The stiff-limb'd peasant, glorying in the show,
Pursues in vain ; where Youth itself soon tires,
Spite of the transports that the chase inspires :
For who unmounted long can charm the eye,
Or hear the music of the leading cry ?

Poor faithful TROUNCER ! thou canst lead no more ;
All thy fatigues and all thy triumphs o'er !
Triumphs of worth, whose long-excelling fame
Was still to follow true the hunted game ;
Beneath enormous oaks, Britannia's boast,
In thick, impenetrable coverts lost,
When the warm pack in fault'ring silence stood,
Thine was the note that rous'd the list'ning wood,
Rekindling every joy with tenfold force,
Through all the mazes of the tainted course.
Still foremost thou the dashing stream to cross,
And tempt along the animated horse ;

Not the worst subject of Poetry....v. 315.

Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,
And sweep the show'ring dew-drops from the grass;
Then bright emerging from the mist below
To climb the woodland hill's exulting brow.

Pride of thy race! with worth far less than thine,
Full many human leaders daily shine!
Less faith, less constancy, less gen'rous zeal!—
Then no disgrace my humble verse shall feel,
Where not one lying line to riches bows,
Or poison'd sentiments from rancour flows;
Nor flowers are strewn around Ambition's car:
An honest Dog's a nobler theme by far.
Each sportsman heard the tidings with a sigh,
When Death's cold touch had stopt his tuneful cry;
And though high deeds, and fair exalted praise,
In memory liv'd, and flow'd in rustic lays,
Short was the strain of monumental woe:
“*Foxes rejoice! here buried lies your foe!*”

Midnight—Domestic Fowl—Shorten'd hours....v. 333.

In safety hous'd, throughout NIGHT's *length'ning* reign,
The Cock sends forth a loud and piercing strain ;
More frequent, as the glooms of midnight flee,
And hours roll round, that brought him liberty,
When Summer's early dawn, mild, clear, and bright,
Chas'd quick away the transitory night:—
Hours now in darkness veil'd ; yet loud the scream
Of Geese impatient for the playful stream ;
And all the feather'd tribe imprison'd raise
Their morning notes of inharmonious praise ;
And many a clamorous Hen and cockrel gay,
When daylight slowly through the fog breaks way,
Fly wantonly abroad : but, ah, how soon
The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,
Short'ning the busy day !—day that slides by
Amidst th' unfinish'd toils of HUSBANDRY ;
Toils still each morn resum'd with double care,
To meet the icy terrors of the year ;

Closing Reflections....v. 351.

To meet the threats of *Boreas* undismay'd,
And *Winter's* gathering frowns and hoary head.

Then welcome, COLD; welcome, ye *snowy* nights!
Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delights,
And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
While devastation sweeps along the plain:
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,
But bless THE POWER that rules the *changing year*,
Assur'd,—though horrors round his cottage reign,—
That *Spring* will come, and Nature smile again.

Received of Mr. J. H. [illegible] the sum of [illegible] dollars for [illegible]

for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

and for the year ending [illegible]

WINTER.

ARGUMENT.

Tenderness to Cattle. Frozen Turnips. The Cow-yard. Night.
The Farm-house. Fire-side. Farmer's Advice and Instruc-
tion. Nightly Cares of the Stable. Dobbin. The Post-horse
Sheep-stealing Dogs. Walks occasioned thereby. The Ghost.
Lamb Time. Returning Spring. Conclusion.

WINTER.

IV.

Tenderness to Cattle.

WITH kindred pleasures mov'd, and cares opprest,
Sharing alike our weariness and rest ;
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,
Through every change of heat, and frost, and show'rs ;
Partakes our cheerful meals, partaking first
In mutual labour and fatigue and thirst ;
The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.

Benevolence springing from mutual sufferings and pleasure....v. 9.

To more than man this generous warmth extends,
And oft the team and shiv'ring herd befriends ;
Tender solicitude the bosom fills,
And Pity executes what Reason wills :
Youth learns compassion's tale from ev'ry tongue,
And flies to aid the helpless and the young.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,
Around their home the storm-pinch'd CATTLE lows,
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows ;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And e'en the hardy brambles cease to sprout,
Beneath dread WINTER's level sheets of snow
The sweet nutritious *Turnip* deigns to grow.
Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth
Bid Labour claim her treasures from the earth,

Ice broken and Snow cleared for the Cattle....v. 27.

On GILES, and such as *Giles*, the labour falls,
To strew the frequent load where hunger calls.
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes ;
Snow clogs his feet ; or if no snow is seen,
The field with all its juicy store to screen,
Deep goes the frost, till every root is found
A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,
Till *Giles* with pond'rous beetle foremost go,
And scatt'ring splinters fly at every blow ;
When pressing round him, eager for the prize,
From their mixt breath warm exhalations rise.
In beaded rows if drops now deck the spray,
While the sun grants a momentary ray,
Let but a cloud's broad shadow intervene,
And stiffen'd into gems the drops are seen ;

Night... 7. 43.

And down the furrow'd oak's broad southern side
Streams of dissolving rime no longer glide.

Though NIGHT approaching bids for rest prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,
Sending at length the weary Labourer home.
From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,
Throughout the yard, hous'd round on ev'ry side,
Deep-plunging Cows their rustling feast enjoy,
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing Boy,
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,
Fills the tall racks, and leaves a scatter'd road ;
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry
Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,
When *Giles* with well-known voice, already there,
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.

Him, though the cold may pierce, and storms molest,
Succeeding hours shall cheer with warmth and rest ;

Christmas Fire....v. 63.

Gladness to spread, and raise the grateful smile,
He hurls the faggot bursting from the pile,
And many a log and rifted trunk conveys,
To heap the fire, and wide extend the blaze,
That quivering strong through every opening flies,
Whilst smoky columns unobstructed rise.
For the rude architect, unknown to fame,
(Nor symmetry nor elegance his aim)
Who spread his floors of solid oak on high,
On beams rough-hewn, from age to age that lie,
Bade his *wide Fabric* unimpair'd sustain
The orchard's store, and cheese, and golden grain ;
Bade, from its central base, capacious laid,
The well-wrought chimney rear its lofty head ;
Where since hath many a savoury ham been stor'd,
And tempests howl'd, and Christmas gambols roar'd.
Flat on the *hearth* the glowing embers lie,
And flames reflected dance in every eye :

Conversation of the Master with the Farmer's Boy....v. 81.

There the long billet, forc'd at last to bend,
While gushing sap froths out at either end,
Throws round its welcome heat :—the ploughman smiles,
And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish *Giles*,
Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,
The converse sharing, though in duty's school ;
For now attentively 'tis his to hear
Interrogations from the Master's chair.

‘ Left ye your bleating charge, when day-light fled,
‘ Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy head ?
‘ Whose fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,
‘ May stop the slanting bullets of the storm.
‘ For, hark ! it blows ; a dark and dismal night :
‘ Heaven guide the traveller's fearful steps aright !
‘ Now from the woods, mistrustful and sharp-ey'd,
‘ The *Fox* in silent darkness seems to glide,
‘ Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,
‘ If chance the Cock or stamm'ring Capon crows,

Motives to reconcile the Farmer's Boy to his Situation....v. 99.

- ' Or Goose, or nodding Duck, should darkling cry,
' As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh :
' Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er you fail
' To bolt their doors against the driving gale.
' Strew'd you (still mindful of th' unshelter'd head)
' Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome bed?
' Thine heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly see,
' *That duty's basis is humanity.*
' Of pain's unsavoury cup though thou may'st taste,
' (The wrath of Winter from the bleak north-east,)
' Thine utmost suff'rings in the coldest day
' A period terminates, and joys repay.
' Perhaps e'en now, while here those joys we boast,
' Full many a bark rides down the neighb'ring coast,
' Where the high northern waves tremendous roar
' Drove down by blasts from *Norway's* icy shore.
' The *Sea-boy* there, less fortunate than thou,
' Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow ;

• Contrast with the Sea-Boy—Effect of kind Admonitions....v. 117.

‘ His freezing hands now drench’d, now dry, by turns ;
‘ Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,
‘ On some tall cliff uprais’d, a flaming guide,
‘ That throws its friendly radiance o’er the tide.
‘ His labours cease not with declining day,
‘ But toils and perils mark his wat’ry way ;
‘ And whilst in peaceful dreams secure *we* lie,
‘ The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,
‘ Round his head whistling ;—and shalt thou repine,
‘ While this protecting roof still shelters thine !’

Mild, as the vernal show’r, his words prevail,
And aid the moral precept of his tale :
His wond’ring hearers learn, and ever keep
These first ideas of the restless deep ;
And, as the opening mind a circuit tries,
Present felicities in value rise.
Increasing pleasures every hour they find,
The warmth more precious, and the shelter kind ;

Sleep—renewed labour—Ploughman's care of his Horses....v. 135.

Warmth that long reigning bids the eyelids close,
As through the blood its balmy influence goes,
When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues and cares,
And drowsiness alone dominion bears.

Sweet then the ploughman's slumbers, hale and young,
When the last topic dies upon his tongue ;
Sweet then the bliss his transient dreams inspire,
Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire :

He starts, and ever thoughtful of his team,
Along the glitt'ring snow a feeble gleam
Shoots from his lantern, as he yawning goes
To add fresh comforts to their night's repose ;
Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves,
And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.
Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possess,
From night till morn alternate food and rest,
No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,
Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.

The Farmer's and Post-horse contrasted....v. 153.

Yet when from plough or lumb'ring cart set free,
They taste awhile the sweets of liberty :
E'en sober *Dobbin* lifts his clumsy heel
And kicks, disdainful of the dirty wheel ;
But soon, his frolic ended, yields again
To trudge the road, and wear the clinking chain.

Short-sighted DOBBIN !—thou canst only see
The trivial hardships that *encompass* thee :
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose :
Could the poor *post-horse* tell thee all his woes ;
Show thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold :
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompts the trav'ler on from stage to stage.
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed ;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed ;
And though he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand

The Sufferings of the Post-horse continued....v. 171.

Becomes his bitter scourge ;—'tis *he* must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel ;
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around :
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides :
Through his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-eyed,
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;
And joys to see the well-known stable door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah, well for him if here his sufferings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd !
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,

Patience recommended from comparison....v. 189.

Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, though limping, maim'd, and sore;
He hears the whip; the chaise is at the door:—
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murderers wear his life away.
What say'st thou, *Dobbin*? what though hounds await
With open jaws the moment of thy fate,
No better fate attends *his* public race;
His life is misery, and his end disgrace.
Then freely bear thy burden to the mill;
Obey but one short law,—thy driver's will.
Affection to thy memory ever true,
Shall boast of mighty loads that *Dobbin* drew;

The Mastiff....v. 207.

And back to childhood shall the mind with pride
Recount thy gentleness in many a ride
To pond, or field, or Village-fair, when thou
Held'st high thy braided mane and comely brow ;
And oft the Tale shall rise to homely fame
Upon thy gen'rous spirit and thy name.

Though faithful to a proverb we regard
The midnight Chieftain of the farmer's yard,
Beneath whose guardianship all hearts rejoice,
Woke by the echo of his hollow voice ;
Yet as the Hound may fault'ring quit the pack,
Snuff the foul scent, and hasten yelping back ;
And e'en the docile Pointer know disgrace,
Thwarting the gen'ral instinct of his race ;
E'en so the MASTIFF, or the meaner Cur,
At time will from the path of duty err,
(A pattern of fidelity by day :
By night a *murderer*, lurking for his prey ;)

A Sheep-biter by night....v. 225.

And round the pastures or the fold will creep,
And, coward-like, attack the peaceful *sheep*.
Alone the wanton mischief he pursues,
Alone in reeking blood his jaws imbrues ;
Chasing amain his frighten'd victims round,
Till death in wild confusion strews the ground ;
Then wearied out, to kennel sneaks away,
And licks his guilty paws till break of day.

The deed discover'd, and the news once spread,
Vengeance hangs o'er the unknown culprit's head :
And careful *Shepherds* extra hours bestow
In patient *watchings* for the common foe ;
A foe most dreaded now, when rest and peace
Should wait the season of the flock's increase.

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,
GILES, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orb'd Moon salute his eyes,

Moonlight—Scattered clouds....v. 243.

And through th' unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile ;
There views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of Heaven.
Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light ;
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light ; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair ;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous 'semblance of a *Flock* at rest.

The Spectre....v. 261.

These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD's everlasting Name.

Whilst thus the loit'rer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loos'd *Imagination* soaring goes
High o'er his home, and all his little woes,
TIME glides away ; neglected Duty calls ;
At once from plains of light to earth he falls,
And down a narrow lane, well known by day,
With all his speed pursues his sounding way,
In thought still half absorb'd, and chill'd with cold,
When lo ! an object frightful to behold ;
A grisly SPECTRE, cloth'd in silver-grey,
Around whose feet the waving shadows play,
Stands in his path !—He stops, and not a breath
Heaves from his heart, that sinks almost to death.
Loud the Owl halloos o'er his head unseen ;
All else is silent, dismally serene :

The Explanation....v. 279.

Some prompt ejaculation, whisper'd low,
Yet bears him up against the threat'ning foe ;
And thus poor *Giles*, though half inclin'd to fly,
Mutters his doubts, and strains his stedfast eye.
' 'Tis not my crimes thou com'st here to reprove ;
' No murders stain my soul, no perjur'd love :
' If thou'rt indeed what here thou seem'st to be,
' Thy dreadful mission cannot reach to me.
' By parents taught still to mistrust mine eyes,
' Still to approach each object of surprise,
' Lest Fancy's formful visions should deceive
' In moon-light paths, or glooms of falling eve,
' This then's the moment when my mind should try
' To scan thy motionless deformity ;
' But oh, the fearful task ! yet well I know
' An aged Ash, with many a spreading bough,
' (Beneath whose leaves I've found a Summer's bow'r,
' Beneath whose trunk I've weather'd many a show'r,)

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The terrors of surprise vanish on the use of recollection....v. 297.  
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‘ Stands singly down this solitary way,
‘ But far beyond where now my footsteps stay.
‘ ‘Tis true, thus far I’ve come with heedless haste ;
‘ No reck’ning kept, no passing objects trac’d :—
‘ And can I then have reach’d that very tree?
‘ Or is its reverend form assum’d by thee?’

The happy thought alleviates his pain :

He creeps another step ; then stops again ;

Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,

Its perfect lineaments at once appear ;

Its crown of shiv’ring ivy whispering peace,

And its white bark that fronts the moon’s pale face.

Now, whilst his blood mounts upward, now he knows

The solid gain that from conviction flows ;

And strengthen’d Confidence shall hence fulfil

(With conscious Innocence more valued still)

The dreariest task that winter nights can bring,

By church-yard dark, or grove, or fairy ring ;

Counting of the Sheep in the fold....v. 315.

Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,
Till loit'ring Reason hoists the scale of Truth.
With these blest guardians *Giles* his course pursues,
Till numbering his heavy-sided ewes,
Surrounding stillness tranquillize his breast,
And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest.

As when retreating tempests we behold,
Whose skirts at length the azure sky unfold,
And full of murmurings and mingled wrath,
Slowly unshroud the smiling face of earth,
Bringing the bosom joy : so WINTER flies !—
And see the Source of Life and Light uprise !
A height'ning arch o'er southern hills he bends ;
Warm on the cheek the slanting beam descends,
And gives the reeking mead a brighter hue,
And draws the modest *primrose* bud to view.
Yet frosts succeed, and winds impetuous rush,
And hail-storms rattle through the budding bush ;

Turn of the Season towards Spring—Ewes and Lambs....v. 333.

And nigh-fall'n LAMBS^d require the shepherd's care.
And teeming EWES, that still their burdens bear;
Beneath whose sides to-morrow's dawn may see
The milk-white strangers bow the trembling knee;
At whose first birth the pow'rful instinct's seen
That fills with champions the daisied green:
For Ewes that stood aloof with fearful eye,
With stamping foot now Men and Dogs defy,
And obstinately faithful to their young,
Guard their first steps to join the bleating throng.

But casualties and death from damps and cold
Will still attend the well-conducted fold:
Her tender offspring dead, the Dam aloud
Calls, and runs wild amidst th' unconscious crowd:
And orphan'd sucklings raise the piteous cry;
No wool to warm them, no defenders nigh.
And must her streaming milk then flow in vain?
Must unregarded innocence complain?

Adopted Lambs: increase of the Flock....v. 351.

No ;—ere this strong solicitude subside,
Maternal fondness may be fresh apply'd,
And the adopted stripling still may find
A parent most assiduously kind.
For this he's doom'd awhile disguis'd to range,
(For fraud or force must work the wish'd-for change ;)
For this his predecessor's skin he wears,
Till, cheated into tenderness and cares,
The unsuspecting dam, contented grown,
Cherish and guard the fondling as her own.

Thus all by turns to fair perfection rise ;
Thus twins are parted to increase their size :
Thus instinct yields as interest points the way,
Till the bright flock, augmenting every day ;
On sunny hills and vales of springing flow'rs
With ceaseless clamour greet the vernal hours.

The humbler *Shepherd* here with joy beholds
Th' approv'd economy of crowded folds,

The Triumph of Giles : the Flock passing by, and Year ending ...v. 309.

And, in his small contracted round of cares,
Adjusts the practice of each hint he hears :
For Boys with emulation learn to glow,
And boast their pastures, and their healthful show
Of well-grown Lambs, the glory of the Spring ;
And field to field in competition bring.

E'en *Giles*, for all his cares and watchings past,
And all his contests with the wintry blast,
Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbours, when along the road,
Or village green, his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the Spinner's song ;
When Admiration's unaffected grace
Lips from the tongue, and beams in ev'ry face :
Delightful moments !—Sunshine, Health, and Joy,
Play round, and cheer the elevated Boy !
' *Another Spring !* ' his heart exulting cries ;
' *Another YEAR !* with promis'd blessings rise !—

Concluding Invocation....v. 387.

‘ ETERNAL POWER! from whom those blessings flow,
‘ Teach me still more to wonder, more to know :
‘ *Seed-time* and *Harvest* let me see again ;
‘ Wander the *leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen* plain :
‘ Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,
‘ Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE ;
‘ And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
‘ An humble note of thankfulness and praise !’—

APRIL 22, 1798.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

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1880

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1882

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1889

GOOD TIDINGS;

OR,

NEWS FROM THE FARM

How vain this tribute; vain this lowly lay;
Yet naught is vain which gratitude inspires!
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind!

THOMSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO the few who know that I have employed my thoughts on the importance of Dr. JENNER's discovery, it has generally and almost unexceptionably appeared a subject of little promise; peculiarly unfit indeed for poetry. My method of treating it has endeared it to myself, for it indulges in domestic anecdote. The account given of my infancy, and of my father's burial, is not only poetically, but strictly true, and with me it has its weight accordingly. I have witnessed the destruction described in my brother's family; and I have, in my own, insured the lives of four children by Vaccine Inoculation, who, I trust, are destined to look back upon the Small-pox as the scourge of days gone by.—My hopes are high, and my prayers sincere, for its universal adoption.

The few notes subjoined are chiefly from "Woodville on Inoculation;" and if I may escape the appearance of affectation of research, or a scientific treatment of the subject, I think the egotism, so conspicuous in the poem, (as facts give force to argument,) ought to be forgiven.

GOOD TIDINGS;

OR,

NEWS FROM THE FARM.

WHERE'S the Blind Child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in ev'ry breeze? he's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes;
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here:

The Blind Boy

And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;
With circumscrib'd, but not abated pow'rs,—
Play! the great object of his infant hours;—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way,
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;

The Inquiry.

Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy,
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flow'r;
Smoothering their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

She blest *that* day, which he remembers too,
When he could gaze on heav'n's ethereal blue,
See the green Spring, and Summer's countless dies,
And all the colours of the morning rise.—

‘ When was this work of bitterness begun ?

‘ How came the blindness of your only son ?’

Thus pity prompts full many a tongue to say,

But never, till she slowly wipes away

The Mother's Tale.

Th' obtruding tear that trembles in her eye,

This dagger of a question meets reply:—

“ My boy was healthy, and my rest was sound,

“ When last year's corn was green upon the ground :

“ From yonder town infection found its way ;

“ Around me putrid dead and dying lay.

“ I trembled for his fate : but all my care

“ Avail'd not, for he breath'd the tainted air ;

“ Sickness ensu'd—in terror and dismay

“ I nurs'd him in my arms both night and day,

“ When his soft skin from head to foot became

“ One swelling purple sore, unfit to name :

“ Hour after hour, when all was still beside,

“ When the pale night-light in its socket died,

“ Alone I sat ; the thought still soothes my heart,

“ That surely I perform'd a mother's part,

“ Watching with such anxiety and pain

“ Till he might smile and look on me again ;

Invocation.

“ But that was not to be—ask me no more :
“ God keep small-pox and blindness from your door !”
Now, ye who think, whose souls abroad take wing,
And trace out human troubles to their spring,
Say, should Heav’n grant us, in some hallow’d hour,
Means to divest this demon of his power,
To loose his horrid grasp from early worth,
To spread a saving conquest round the earth,
Till ev’ry land shall bow the grateful knee,
Would it not be a glorious day to see ?—
That day is come ! my soul, in strength arise,
Invoke no muse, no power below the skies ;
To Heav’n the energies of verse belong,
Truth is the theme, and truth shall be the song ;
Arm with conviction every joyful line,
Source of all mercies, for the praise is thine !

Sweet beam’d the star of peace upon those days :
When Virtue watch’d my childhood’s quiet ways,

Allusion to the Farmer's Boy.

Whence a warm spark of Nature's holy flame
Gave the farm-yard an honourable name,
But left one theme unsung : then, who had seen
In herds that feast upon the vernal green,
Or dreamt that in the blood of kine there ran
Blessings beyond the sustenance of man ?
We tread the meadow, and we scent the thorn,
We hail the day-spring of a summer's morn ;
Nor mead at dawning day, nor thymy heath,
Transcends the fragrance of the heifer's breath :
May that dear fragrance, as it floats along
O'er ev'ry flow'r that lives in rustic song ;
May all the sweets of meadows and of kine
Embalm, O Health ! this offering at thy shrine.

Dear must that moment be when first the mind,
Ranging the paths of science unconfin'd,
Strikes a new light ; when, obvious to the sense,
Springs the fresh spark of bright intelligence.

Jenner's Discovery.

So felt the towering soul of MONTAGU,
Her sex's glory, and her country's too ;
Who gave the spotted plague one deadly blow,
And bade its mitigated poison flow
With half its terrors ; yet, with loathing still,
We hous'd a visitant with pow'r to kill.
Then when the healthful blood, though often tried,
Foil'd the keen lancet by the Severn side,
Resisting, uncontaminated still,
The purple pest and unremitting skill ;
When the plain truth tradition seem'd to know,
By simply pointing to the harmless Cow,
Though wise distrust to reason might appeal ;
What, when hope triumph'd, what did JENNER feel !
Where even hope itself could scarcely rise
To scan the vast, inestimable prize !
Perhaps supreme, alone, triumphant stood
The great, the conscious power of doing good,

Its universal Promulgation.

The power to will, and wishes to embrace
Th' emancipation of the human race ;
A joy that must all mortal praise outlive,
A wealth that grateful nations cannot give.
Forth sped the truth immediate from his hand,
And confirmations sprung in ev'ry land ;
In ev'ry land, on beauty's lily arm,
On infant softness, like a magic charm,
Appear'd the gift that conquers as it goes ;
The dairy's boast, the simple, saving *Rose* !
Momentous triumph—fiend ! thy reign is o'er ;
Thou, whose blind rage hath ravag'd ev'ry shore,
Whose name denotes destruction, whose foul breath
For ever hov'ring round the dart of death,
Fells, mercilessly fells, the brave and base,
Through all the kindreds of the human race.

Who has not heard, in warm, poetic tales,
Of eastern fragrance and Arabian gales ?

Small-pox in Arabia.

Bowers of delight, of languor, and repose,
Where beauty triumph'd as the song arose ?
Fancy may revel, fiction boldly dare,
But truth shall not forget that *thou* wert there,
Scourge of the world ! who, borne on ev'ry wind,
From bow'rs of roses* sprang to curse mankind.
The Indian palm thy devastation knows :
Thou sweep'st the regions of eternal snows† :
Climbing the mighty period of his years,
The British oak his giant bulk uprears ;
He, in his strength, while toll'd the passing bell,
Rejoic'd whole centuries as thy victims fell :
Armies have bled, and shouts of vict'ry rung,
Fame crown'd *their* deaths, *thy* deaths are all unsung :

* The first medical account of the small-pox is given by the Arabian physicians, and is traced no farther back than the siege of Alexandria, about the year of Christ 640.—*Hoodville*.

† First introduced into Greenland in 1799, and almost depopulated the country.—*Ibid*.

Carried to the New World by the Spaniards.

'Twas thine, while victories claim'd th' immortal lay,
Through private life to cut thy desp'rate way ;
And when full power the wond'rous magnet gave
Ambition's sons to dare the ocean wave,
Thee, in their train of horrid ills, they drew
Beneath the blessed sunshine of Peru*.
But why unskill'd th' historic page explore ?
Why thus pursue thee to a foreign shore ?
A homely narrative of days gone by,
Familiar griefs, and kindred's tender sigh,
Shall still survive ; for thou on ev'ry mind
Hast left some traces of thy wrath behind.

* In 1520, says Mr. Woodville, when the small-pox visited New Spain, it proved fatal to one half of the people in the provinces to which the infection extended ; being carried thither by a negro slave, who attended Narvaez in his expedition against Cortes. He adds, about fifty years after the discovery of Peru, the small-pox was carried over from Europe to America by way of Carthagena, when it overran the Continent of the New World, and destroyed upwards of 100,000 Indians in the single province of Quito.—*Hist. of Inoculation.*

Visiting the Sick : A true Anecdote.

There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps along
Midst infant hills and meads unknown to song,
One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n :
Alone she dwelt ; and while each morn brought peace,
And health was smiling on her years' increase,
Sudden and fearful, rushing through her frame,
Unusual pains and feverish symptoms came.
Then, when debilitated, faint, and poor,
How sweet to hear a footstep at her door !
To see a neighbour watch life's silent sand,
To hear the sigh, and feel the helping hand !
Soon woe o'erspread the interdicted ground,
And consternation seiz'd the hamlets round :
Uprose the pest—its widow'd victim died ;
And foul contagion spread on ev'ry side ;
The helping neighbour, for her kind regard,
Bore home *that* dreadful tribute of reward,

Destruction arising therefrom.

Home, where six children, yielding to its pow'r,
Gave hope and patience a most trying hour ;
One at her breast still drew the living stream,
And sense of danger never marr'd his dream ;
Yet all exclaim'd, and with a pitying eye,

“ Whoe'er survives the shock, *that child will die !*”

But vain the fiat,—Heav'n restor'd them all,
And destin'd one of riper years to fall.

Midnight beheld the close of all his pain,
His grave was clos'd when midnight came again ;
No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there ;
Its horrid nature could inspire a dread
That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.

The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to show,
Illumin'd by their trembling light below ;
The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring cheek ;
Religious reverence forbade to speak :

A midnight Funeral.

The starting Sexton his short sorrow chid
When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,
And falling bones and sighs of holy dread
Sounded a requiem to the silent dead!

‘ Why tell us tales of woe, thou who didst give
‘ Thy soul to rural themes, and bade them live ?
‘ What means this zeal of thine, this kindling fire ?
‘ The rescu’d infant and the dying sire ?’

Kind heart, who o’er the pictur’d Seasons glow’d,
When smiles approv’d the verse, or tears have flow’d,
Was then the lowly minstrel dear to thee ?

Himself appeals—What, if *that child* were HE !
What, if those midnight sighs a farewell gave,
While hands, all trembling, clos’d his father’s grave !
Though love enjoin’d not infant eyes to weep,
In manhood’s zenith shall his feelings sleep ?
Sleep not, my soul ! indulge a nobler flame ;
Still the destroyer persecutes thy name.

Domestic Trouble.

Sev'n winters cannot pluck from mem'ry's store
That mark'd affliction which a brother bore ;
That storm of trouble bursting on his head,
When the fiend came, and left *two children* dead !
Yet, still superior to domestic woes,
The native vigour of his mind arose,
And, as new summers teem'd with brighter views,
He trac'd the wand'rings of his darling Muse,
And all was joy—this instant all is pain,
The foe implacable returns again,
And claims a sacrifice ; the deed is done—
Another child has fall'n, another son * !
His young cheek even now is scarcely cold,
And shall his early doom remain untold ?
No ! let the tide of passion roll along,
Truth *will* be heard, and God will bless the song.

* I had proceeded thus far with the Poem, when the above fact became a powerful stimulus to my feelings, and to the earnestness of my exhortation

Earnest Exhortation.

Indignant Reason, Pity, Joy, arise,
And speak in thunder to the heart that sighs :
Speak loud to parents ;—knew ye not the time
When age itself, and manhood's hardy prime,
With horror saw their short-liv'd friendships end,
Yet dar'd not visit e'en the dying friend ?
Contagion, a foul serpent lurking near,
Mock'd Nature's sigh and Friendship's holy tear.
Love ye your children ?—let that love arise,
Pronounce the sentence, and the serpent dies ;
Bid welcome a mild stranger at your door,
Distress shall cease, those terrors reign no more.
Love ye your neighbours ?—let that love be shown ;
Risk not *their* children while you guard your own ;
Give not a foe dominion o'er your blood,
Plant not a poison, e'en to bring forth good ;
For, woo the pest discreetly as you will,
Deadly infection must attend him still.

Beauty protected.

Then, let the serpent die ! this glorious prize
Sets more than life and health before our eyes,
For beauty triumphs too ! Beauty ! sweet name,
The mother's feelings kindling into flame !
For, where dwells she, who, while the virtues grow,
With cold indifference marks the arching brow ?
Or, with a lifeless heart and recreant blood,
Sighs not for daughters fair as well as good ?
That sigh is nature, and cannot decay,
'Tis universal as the beams of day ;
Man knows and feels its truth ; for, Beauty's call
Rouses the coldest mortal of us all ;
A glance warms age itself, and gives the boy
The pulse of rapture, and the sigh of joy.
And is it then no conquest to insure,
Our lilies spotless and our roses pure ?
Is it no triumph that the lovely face
Inherits every line of Nature's grace ?

Praise and Hope.

That the sweet precincts of the laughing eye
Dread no rude scars, no foul deformity ?
Our boast, old Time himself shall not impair,
Of British maids pre-eminently fair ;
But, as he rolls his years on years along,
Shall keep the record of immortal song ;
For song shall rise with ampler power to speak
The new-born influence of Beauty's cheek,
Shall catch new fires in every sacred grove,
Fresh inspiration from the lips of Love,
And write for ever on the rising mind—
DEAD IS ONE MORTAL FOE OF HUMAN KIND !

Yes, we have conquer'd ! and the thought should raise
A spirit in our prayers as well as praise,
For who will say, in Nature's wide domain
There lurk not remedies for every pain ;
Who will assert, where Turkish banners fly,
Woe still shall reign—the plague shall never die ?

American Indians.

Or who predict, with bosom all unblest,
An everlasting fever in the West ?
Forbid it, Heav'n !—Hope cheers us with a smile,
The sun of Mercy's risen on our isle :
Its beams already, o'er th' Atlantic wave,
Pierce the dark forests of the suffering brave :
There, e'en th' abandon'd sick imbib'd a glow,
When warrior nations, resting on the bow,
Astonish'd heard the joyful rumour rise,
And call'd the council of their great and wise :
The truth by female pray'rs was urg'd along,
Youth ceas'd the chorus of the warrior song,
And present ills bade present feelings press
With all the eloquence of deep distress ;
Till forth their chiefs* o'er dying thousands trod
To seek the white man and his bounteous God :

* The chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, in North America, have applied to the government of the United States for information on the subject of Vaccine Inoculation, and have spread the practice in the Woods

Ceylon, and the Continent of India.

Well sped their errand ; with a patriot zeal
They spread the blessing for their country's weal.

Where India's swarthy millions crowd the strand,
And round that isle, which crowns their pointed land,
Speeds the good angel with the balmy breath,
And checks the dreadful tyranny of death :
Whate'er we hear to hurt the peace of life,
Of Candian treachery and British strife,
The sword of commerce, nations bought and sold,
They owe to England more than mines of gold ;
England has sent a balm for private woe ;
England strikes down the nation's bitterest foe.

Europe, amidst the clangor of her arms,
While life was threaten'd with a thousand harms,
And Charity was freezing to its source,
Still saw fair Science keep her steady course ;
And, while whole legions fell, by friends deplor'd,
New germs of life sprung up beneath the sword,

Regret.

And spread amain.—Then, in our bosoms, why
Must exultation mingle with a sigh?

Thought takes the retrospect of years just fled,
And, conjuring up the spirits of the dead,
Whispers each dear and venerated name
Of the last victims ere the blessing came,
Worthies, who through the lands that gave them birth
Breath'd the strong evidence of growing worth;
Parents, cut down in life's meridian day,
And childhood's thousand thousand swept away;
Life's luckless mariners! ye, we deplore
Who sunk within a boat's length of the shore*.

A stranger youth, from his meridian sky,
Buoyant with hopes, came here—but came to *die*!
O'er his sad fate I've ponder'd hours away,
It suits the languor of a gloomy day:

* So lately as the year 1793, the small-pox was carried to the Isle of France by a Dutch ship, and there destroyed five thousand four hundred persons in six weeks.—Woodville.

Prince Lee Boo.

He left his bamboo groves, his pleasant shore,
He left his friends to hear new oceans roar,
All confident, ingenuous, and bold,
He heard the wonders by the white men told ;
With firm assurance trod the rolling deck,
And saw his isle diminish to a speck,
Plough'd the rough waves, and gain'd our northern clime,
In manhood's ripening sense and nature's prime.
Oh ! had the fiend been vanquish'd ere he came,
The gen'rous youth had spread my country's fame,
Had known that honour dwells among the brave,
And England had not prov'd the stranger's grave :
Then, ere his waning sand of life had run,
Poor ABBA THULE might have seen his son ! *

Rise, exultation ! spirit, louder speak !

Pity, dislodge thy dew-drops from my cheek :

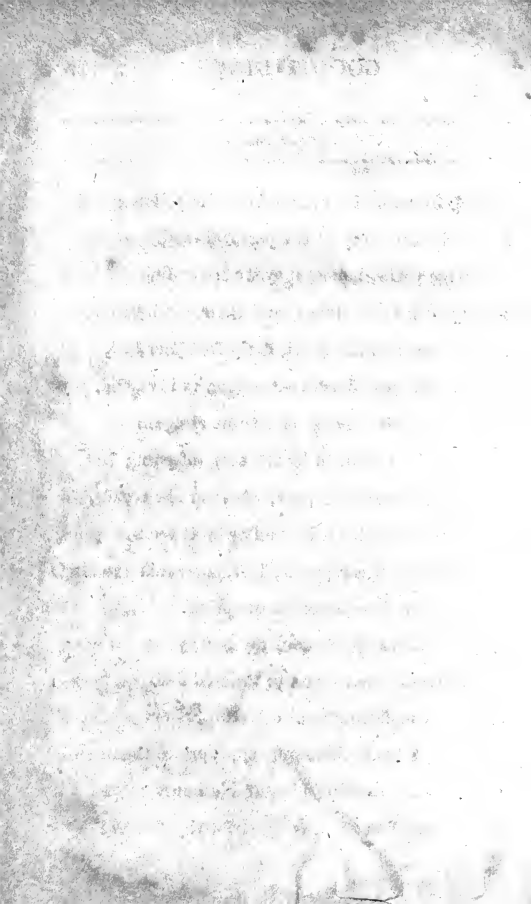
* Lee Boo, second son of the King of the Pelew Islands, was brought to England by Capt. Wilson, and died of the Small-pox, at Rotherhithe, in 1784

Final Exhortation.

Sleep sound, forefathers ; sleep, brave stranger boy,
While truth impels the current of my joy :
To all mankind, to all the earth 'tis giv'n,
Conviction travels like the light of heav'n :
Go, blessing, from thy birth-place still expand,
For that dear birth-place is my native land !
A nation consecrates th' auspicious day,
And wealth, and rank, and talents lead the way !
Time, with triumphant hand, shall truth diffuse,
Nor ask the unbought efforts of the Muse.
Mothers ! the pledges of your loves caress,
And heave no sighs but sighs of tenderness.
Fathers, be firm ! keep down the fallen foe,
And on the mem'ry of domestic woe
Build resolution.—Victory shall increase
Th' incalculable wealth of private peace ;
And such a victory, unstain'd with gore,
That strews its laurels at the cottage door,

Conclusion.

Sprung from the farm, and from the yellow mead,
Should be the glory of the pastoral reed.
In village paths, hence, may we never find
Their youth on crutches, and their children blind ;
Nor, when the milk-maid, early from her bed,
Beneath the may-bush that embow'rs her head,
Sings like a bird, e'er grieve to meet again
The fair cheek injur'd by the scars of pain ;
Pure, in her morning path, where'er she treads,
Like April sunshine and the flow'rs it feeds,
She'll boast new conquests ; Love, new shafts to fling ;
And Life, an uncontaminated spring.
In pure delight didst thou, my soul, pursue
A task to conscience and to kindred due,
And, true to feeling and to Nature, deem
The dairy's boast thine own appropriate theme ;
Hail now the meed of pleasurable hours,
And, at the foot of Science, strew thy flow'rs !















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